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My dear Miss Tarbell:

I appreciate your note very much indeed. The death of my brother, the first break in 22 years in a large family, was a hard blow for all of us. And the boy was the best of all of us, the very best; a big, whole-hearted fellow, full of the joy of life, the most unselfish man I ever knew.

By every right he should have had a long life: I don't think until his final illness he

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was ever ~~side~~ in his life: he was
a big powerful fellow, the best
foot ball player, the best wrestler,
the best swimmer in his college.

I have seen him jump into a
lake and swim two miles and
come ~~out~~ without being tired.

He enjoyed doing all sorts of
difficult & dangerous things,
just because they were diffi-
cult & dangerous. I never

heard him say an ill word
about any person: and, as

we now know, and pitifully
enough too, he had no

one knows how many
old women & lame boys

and poor churches, that he was looking able &
 booting along. He was married only last May -
 and is now at 30 years old. We shall not look
 upon his like again. It is hard to get over!

I am finishing off the Atlanta article: and trying
 to get South this week. I have been intending for
 some time to write you about a historical scheme
 for the magazine that has occurred to me - and
 interested me deeply. A little later I'll get it

Down. Sincerely yours,

Ray Stannard Baker